

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK
UPHAM ADAMS

Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaire," "Colonel Moore's Deceit," Etc.
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A. J. DREXEL & BIDDLE

CHAPTER ONE.

The Prophet's Prayer.

"Kneel, John. Take off your hat, lad. Let us pray!"

An old man and a boy clung like wreckage to a rock which marked the outer edge of Black Reef. The flickering light of a lantern accentuated the gloom of the night; a night famous in the annals of New England for the storm which tore the coast from Quoddy Head to Siasconset.

The lantern's light revealed two figures worthy the pencil of a Hogarth. Bared to the gale, the old man's scant white locks streamed back from a forehead massive and unfurrowed. Wonderful eyes of steel gray glowed with fires of fanaticism beneath dark, shadowing eyebrows scarcely touched with the rime of years. The thin lips parted in a line which suggested implacable tenacity of purpose, not halting at cruelty nor stopping at cunning. Above the mouth, the head was that of a Greek god; below it showed the civilized savage—selfish, relentless—the incarnation of courage, strength and determination. The man's frame was so broad that the legs seemed stumpy, yet Peter Burt stood six feet four at three score years and ten.

His companion on this night mission to hurricane-swept Black Reef was a boy of eight. No fear of the storm or of the strange old man showed in the dark gray eyes of the youth. He was garbed in a tightly buttoned jacket and a pair of homespun trousers, securely tucked into copper-toed boots. The ends of a blue yarn "comforter" fluttered in the gale.

As the old man spoke, a wave dashed its icy spray across the rock. "It's awful wet, granddad. Can't I stand up and pray?"

"Kneel, my boy, kneel," replied the old man in a deep but not unkind

voice. "The Lord will not harm His servants whether they approach Him in storm or in calm."

Falling on his knees, the old man faced the sea, raised his arms to heaven, and prayed to the God who rides on the wings of the storm. The spray stung his face, but he heeded it not. A giant surge swept the lantern away, and its faint light went out as it clattered along the rocks.

The old man prayed fervently that his sins might be forgiven. There was one sin which weighed heavily upon him, though he named it not in his petition.

The year was 1860, and on that November day the news had come to Rocky Woods of Abraham Lincoln's election to the presidency.

In the tempest which lowered when the election was in doubt, and broke in fury when the triumph of Lincoln was certain, Peter Burt saw an augury of the storm which was soon to sweep the country. An ardent Abolitionist, and a rabid advocate of Unionism, he lifted his voice that November night in a frenzy of eloquence which thrilled the child at his side and left an impress years did not efface. Amid the crash of waters, his gray hair streaming in the wind, his dripping arms stretched over the foam, Peter Burt prophesied the four years of desolation war then impending. He invoked the curse of God on the enemies of his country, returned thanks for the coming emancipation of the slaves, and exulted in the victory to be achieved by the Union arms. He ended with a tender plea for the grandson kneeling beside him—"who is the heir," the old man declared, "not of my worldly possessions, which are nothing in Thine eyes, but of those gifts and that power of divination with which Thou hast graciously vouchsafed me. John Burt shall be the chosen one of the house of Burt. Withhold not, O Lord, Thy blessing from him! Amen."

The old man arose and shook the water from his hair. The prophet had gone, the New England farmer stood in his place. The resonant voice which challenged wind and wave sounded harsh as he exclaimed: "Where's the lantern, John? See if you can find it. We'll break our necks trying to get back without it."



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"Where's the lantern, John? See if you can find it. We'll break our necks trying to get back without it."

John found the lantern, and after many attempts and muttered complaints the old man lighted it. Holding it high over his head, the old

man walked cautiously along until he reached the weed-strewn and surf-lashed beach. He looked into the face of the boy who trudged beside him.

"You are a brave lad, John; a brave, good lad. It is beginning to rain. We must hasten home."

CHAPTER TWO.

Jessie Carden.

"I don't care to pick flowers! I want to stay right where I am. Let me stay and watch for one of those thingumbobs in the water. Please, Govie!"

Jessie Carden clung firmly to an iron rod of the old bridge, and spoke with the pleading defiance of a spoiled child of twelve. The governess smiled sadly down upon the pouting lips and rebellious eyes.

"Certainly, my dear," replied Miss Malden. "Don't lean out over the bridge, sweetheart, and keep away from the creek. I shall not be gone long. You will be very careful, won't you, Jessie?"

"Just awful careful, Govie. There's one of those spidery things now!"

Jessie was spending her first summer in the country. For three weeks she had been living in the Bishop farm-house. So many things had happened that the memory of the Carden mansion in Boston had become a dream. The Bishops were distant relatives of General Marshall Carden, the banker; and to them had been consigned the welfare of his daughter, in special charge of a trusted governess.

Jessie peered over the rail and watched the waters in vain for another of the "thingumbobs." She ran back and forth and threw sticks and stones into the creek in a vain attempt to lure its denizens to the surface. Then she spied a hoop-pole which had fallen from a passing

wagon. This slender rod easily reached the water, and Jessie thrashed the surface with all possible vigor. A projecting branch from the pole caught her cap, and it fell into the creek, where the tide swept it under the bridge.

With a cry of dismay, Jessie turned and dashed across, almost falling beneath the feet of a horse.

"Whoa, Jim!"

Checked in a slow trot by a pair of taut lines, an old farm horse stopped so suddenly as to rattle the contents of the wagon. The driver, a boy of seventeen, dropped the lines and leaped lightly to the bridge.

"Did he hit you, little girl?"

Jessie Carden stumbled and fell just beyond the horse's hoofs. Before the boy could reach her, she was on her feet and peering over the bridge.

"There it is! There it is!" she exclaimed, dancing in excitement and dismay. "Oh, what will Govie say? Boy, get me my cap!"

The youth, startled at the imperious summons, followed her gaze and caught a glimpse of the cap as it was carried along by the tide. Looking up the road, he placed his fingers between his teeth and whistled shrilly.

A large Newfoundland dog came towards him, leaping in huge bounds. "Hey, Prince, go get it!" he pointed to the cap, now whirling in an eddy. Prince soon reached the cap, and, holding it well above the water, turned for the bank. The sides were steep and slippery, but the boy took firm hold of the dog's collar, and after a struggle hauled him to solid ground.

Prince dropped the cap, filling the air with spray as he shook himself, wagged his tail, and lolled his tongue in canine self-satisfaction.

"Here is your cap," said the boy, as he held a much bedraggled piece of millinery gingerly at arm's length.

"Thank you, boy!" said Jessie, smiling through tears which were welling in her eyes. With a little sigh of relief she noted that the governess was not in sight. Jessie patted the dog on the head, and with a roguish glance addressed her unknown companion.

"What is your name?" she asked, with the direct frankness of twelve years.

"My name is Burt—John Burt."

The young lady as she crawled through the fence unassisted by her new acquaintance. The courtesy expected

by a miss of twelve is the same at that extended by a lad of seventeen, so neither suffered in the other's estimation.

"What were you trying to do with that pole?" asked John as they reached the bridge.

"I was trying to stir up those spidery things down there in the water," replied Jessie, again grasping the pole, which had remained erect, fast in the sticky bottom of the creek. "Oh, how I wish I could catch one!"

"That's easy," said John Burt, as he climbed into the wagon. "Wait until I hitch this horse and I'll show you how. Want some anyhow; you can watch me."

John Burt speedily returned with some scraps of meat and a mysterious implement which consisted of a pole with a stout dip net at the end of it. Jessie regarded the preparations with keen interest. The boy took a piece of string from his pocket and securely fastened a piece of tough raw beef to it; then he lowered the meat into the water. In his left hand he held the pole, with the meshes of the dip net but a few inches above the surface. Jessie watched with bated breath and wide opened eyes.

Slowly and carefully John raised the string. At last the meat showed red in the murky water of the creek. As it came to the surface John thrust the net below. Out of the swirl of water it emerged, laden with the meat and a straggling, writhing crab.

"Got him!" said John, as he lifted the dripping collection over the side of the bridge.

"Isn't he ugly! Look at his legs! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven—no, ten—I counted one of them twice. Does he bite?" Jessie hovered over the net and stretched her fingers towards the scoundrel crab. The little beady eyes glittered, the claws clashed helplessly.

"You bet he can bite! You get near enough and he'll nip you good and hard," said John as he unsnatched the crab from the twine and meat. "Run over to the wagon and get the basket. I forgot it."

Delighted to be of assistance in so famous an undertaking, Jessie ran swiftly to the wagon and returned with a large wicker basket. John had already dropped the bait in the water and the crab was crawling along the bridge. Reaching down, he deftly grabbed the crab and dropped him into the basket.

For an instant Jessie was speechless with wonder and admiration at such bravery.

"Boy, let me catch and you poke," she ventured in a plaintive note. "I never caught a crab. Won't you please—John Burt?"

"Why, certainly!" said John. "I'll show you how."

Jessie left the squirming mass of crabs and sprang to John's side.

"Reach down as far as you can," John directed. "That's right. When you feel something pull or jerk, pull up—slowly, though, or you'll scare him. Do you feel anything?"

"The line kind of twitches," whispered Jessie.

"Raise it up slow. Be careful. There's one on, sure! Now jam the net under him!"

Jessie made a swing with the net, but dipped too low. A huge crab dropped from the meat, struck the edge of the net and floundered back into the water.

"I lost him! What a shame! Wasn't he big?"

"Go on; try again," said John good-naturedly.

Jessie lowered the meat and waited patiently for a minute. Then she slowly raised the line. With much care she dropped the net below the meat and raised it from the water.

(To be continued.)

DESERVED TO WIN BRIDE.

How Hindoo Lover Secured the Maiden of His Choice.

In many parts of India Hindoo girls are wedded not with a ring, but with a necklet or thali. At the wedding of a daughter of a leading native Moulvi there were present among the numerous guests a Hindoo maiden and her lover, whose suit had not so far progressed to his satisfaction. While the wedding ceremony was in progress the young man suddenly went up to her and, before any one suspected what his object was, pulled out a thali from his pocket and quietly tied it round her neck. Of course there was a hubbub and parental lamentations over this dramatic episode, but so great is the veneration for the thali among Hindoos that no one dared to remove it from the neck of the astonished maiden. All concerned therefore repaired to the Marriam temple, where the act was ratified, and the maid who went to the wedding of her friend fancy free left the scene as the legal wife of a bold and successful husband.

Where Gun Barrels Are Made.

The Damascus gun barrel is manufactured only at Nessonvaux, near Liege, Belgium, while the steel barrel is made in Liege. Every barrel must, under the law, successfully withstand the government test before it is admitted for sale. The gun barrels are made by the workmen in their own homes, and are delivered to the merchants, who combine the parts for the markets. It is the universal understanding that the United States is the best market for the cheap grade of guns. The two towns sold \$272,000 worth to the United States last year.

Japan's Population.

The population of Japan is twelve times as dense as that of the United States.

RESTORED TO HEALTH.



Many weak, suffering women do not know that their kidneys are sick. Backache tells of sick kidneys, and so do urinary disorders. Sick kidneys make bad blood, and bad blood makes bad digestion, heart palpitation, dizzy headaches, nervousness, sleeplessness, sciatitis, rheumatic pains and constant depression.

Can't be restored to health until the kidneys are cured. Read how one woman was restored by using Doan's Kidney Pills:

Mrs. H. A. Van Stekle, 311 6th Ave., S. W. Roanoke, Va., says: "Kidney trouble was hereditary in our family and I had been so continually afflicted with the disease that I began to despair of even temporary relief. Sometimes I suffered so severely that I was confined to my bed. The aching in my back was intense and the kidney disorder caused an excess of uric acid in my blood which impaired my digestion. I was compelled to deny myself of many of the little delicacies of diet. The doctors diagnosed my case as congestion of the kidneys. I had about given up hope when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, but I took only a few doses when their curative powers were proven to my satisfaction. I have never been without them in the house since."

Doan's Kidney Pills are sold by all dealers; price 50 cents; or mailed on receipt of price by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for free trial.

SHE REMAINED A BIRD.

Strange Coincidences in Life of a Kentucky Woman.

Mrs. Elizabeth Martin started early in life to feather her nest well, and has always had her eye on the main chance. She began life as Elizabeth Bird of Harrison county, near Paris, Ky. Her first venture outside of the home nest was when she married Bud Martin. When Mr. Martin died she married Edward Crow, a farmer. When the time came to change nests she allied herself with William Robbin, and lived happy until the matrimonial season for Mrs. Robbin again rolled around. Then David Buzzard, a widower, more attractive personally and socially than his name would indicate, appeared, and Mrs. Robbin became Mrs. Buzzard. Into the Buzzard roost Mrs. Buzzard carried one little Martin, two little Crows and one little Robbin. One little Buzzard was already there to welcome the other birds.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Essence of Orange Leaves.

A remarkable industry of Paraguay is the preparation of essence of orange leaves. More than 150 years ago the Jesuit priests, who then ruled that secluded country, imported orange seeds and planted groves, which have now become immense forests, filled with small establishments for extracting the essence, which is exported to France and the United States for use in soap and perfumery making. It is also employed by the natives in Paraguay as a healing ointment and a hair tonic.

Income of Russian Farmers.

The statistical committee of the province of Voronezh, Russia, a fairly representative district, shows that the average farmer's family consists of eight persons; that their gross annual revenue is \$105 in money and \$107 in farm products. They spend for taxes and rent \$48.80; for clothing, \$8.48; for tea and sugar, \$1.96; for furniture, \$1.64; for salt, \$1.20; for kerosene, 88 cents; for soap, 53 cents; for "articles of personal comfort," 4 cents.

Inherited Business Instincts.

A miserably rich man by will directed his son and heir to put \$5,000 from the estate into the father's coffin. The canny heir wrote out a check for the amount and buried that with his parent.

THIN DIET.

No Nourishment in It.

It's not easy to keep up when coffee has so ruined the stomach that food won't digest.

A Mo. woman says: "I had been an invalid for two years from stomach trouble caused by coffee, got so bad I couldn't digest food and for quite a while I lived on milk and lime water—nothing but that—a glass of milk and lime water six times a day. In this way I managed to live, but of course did not gain."

"It was about 5 months ago I began using Postum Food Coffee; I did not need the milk and lime water after that, for I gained rapidly and I can now eat a good meal and drink from 1 to 3 cups of Postum each meal and feel fine."

"I would not go back to coffee for any reasonable pay. I like Postum better than coffee now and make Postum by directions on box and it is just fine; never found a better way to make it than on box. Now this is all true and you can easily prove it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum is a brew from left grains with all the nourishment left in. It makes red blood and rebuilds particularly well where coffee has done damage as it does to nearly all who drink it.

A 10 days' trial of Postum in place of coffee works wonders. There's a reason.

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville" in each pkg.

COLLEGE MEN IN INDUSTRY.

Difference Between Practical and Technical Knowledge.

An officer of a pumping engine company was recently asked whether college men or men trained by practice are better equipped for industrial work. He replied:

"Everything being equal, the practical man is likely to know more than the technical man about actual shop work, but he is also likely to stop knowing when he should go on knowing."

This feeling is general. The old-time apprentice, who developed into an all-around mechanic, is being rapidly ousted by the modern technical graduate who is a specialist. Even the modern foreman is no longer the product of apprenticeship. The trade-school creates him.—The World's Work.

Topeka's Geographical Position.

The capital city of Kansas occupies a peculiar place in American geography. The two legs of a compass applied to a map of the United States will show how nearly central is its position. Topeka is as far from Quoddy Head, at the extreme northeastern corner of the Union, as it is from the strait of Juan de Fuca, at the extreme northwest. The distance is the same from Topeka to the southernmost tip of Florida as from Topeka to San Diego, Cal. On the north and south line, Topeka is just half way between the Canadian border and the coast of the Gulf of Mexico.—New York Sun.

Houses in Japan.

A Japanese house is generally all on one floor. The number of rooms in it depends on the number of bedrooms the owner requires. They are divided for the night by paper shutters, fixed in grooves, like the divisions of an old-fashioned work box. There are no doors or passages.

This is Miraculous.

Manhattan, Kans., March 14.—One of the strangest cases that has ever been heard of in Riley Co. is that of the three-year-old daughter of Mr. Jonas Brubaker of this place.

Some time ago the little girl took whooping cough, which was followed by pneumonia. When the pneumonia left her, she was taken down with malaria fever with at times symptoms of Spinal Meningitis.

The family doctor brought her safely through these troubles, but after the fever Bright's Disease set in and the doctors gave her up. Her father tells the rest of the story:

"We began to give her Dodd's Kidney Pills and after she had taken about three and a half boxes, she was entirely cured. Now she is well as any child, running and playing as if nothing had ever been the matter with her. The doctors said she was beyond the reach of medicine. Dodd's Kidney Pills certainly saved our little girl's life, when she was so far into the chronic stage of Bright's Disease that we thought nothing could save her."

Why is a Hound?

The spaniel is so called because the original breed came from Spain, and the first arrival in England were called Spanish dogs.

10,000 Plants for 10c.

This is a remarkable offer the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., makes. They will send you their big plant and seed catalog, together with enough seed to grow

1,000 fine, solid Cabbages.
2,000 delicious Carrots.
2,000 blanching, nutty Celery.
2,000 rich, buttery Lettuce.
1,000 splendid Onions.
1,000 rare, luscious Radishes.

1,000 gloriously brilliant Flowers. This great offer is made in order to induce you to try their warranted seeds—for when you once plant them you will grow no others, and

ALL FOR BUT 10c POSTAGE, providing you will return this notice, and if you will send them 20c in postage, they will add to the above a package of the famous Berliner Cauliflower. (W. N. U.)

It is one sign of approaching age when you can see where you have blundered.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, it causes a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by a catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness cured by catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

An instantaneous perfection would be as valueless as an instantaneous education.

Teosinto and Billion Dollar Grass. The two greatest fodder plants on earth, one good for 14 tons hay and the other 80 tons green fodder per acre. Grows everywhere, so does Victoria Rape, yielding 60,000 lbs. sheep and swine food per acre.

JUST SEND 10c IN STAMPS TO THE John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and receive in return their big catalog and lots of farm seed samples. (W. N. U.)

It's easier to explain your neighbor's failure than your own misdirected efforts.

DON'T SPOIL YOUR CLOTHES. Use Red Cross Ball Blue and keep them white as snow. All grocers, &c., a package.

Opportunities and vacant lots must be improved to make them profitable.

CUBA 10 ACRES FOR \$30 Only \$4 down and \$4 per month no interest. Any quantity at \$3 per acre. 10, 100 and 1,000 acre tracts. 125,000 acres. The great Sabal land grant on Nuavitas harbor, finest in the world; had guaranteed level; hard wood timber. The landing place of Christopher Columbus. Send for illustrated prospectus, map, etc.—F.R.T.

WILSON INVESTMENT CO. BIG NAT'L Life Bldg. CHICAGO.

AGRICULTURE IN WESTERN CANADA.

Its Grain Fields.

Ranching Lands.

Dairying Resources.

The Editor of the Wisconsin Agriculturist, who was one of a party of editors of agricultural papers who took a trip through Canada during the past spring, writes to his paper in the following strain:

The reason of his visiting Canada was to satisfy himself that the reports coming to his paper regarding the wonderful resources of that country were accurate. In view of the wonderful settlement that was going on there, many from this country crossing the line in search of permanent homes and in view of what he had heard in regard to conditions of soil, water, climate, topography, fuel, grasses, rainfall, markets, etc., and also the influence which these have had on the present and future of agriculture, he deemed it necessary to make an extended trip through all of the above territory.

In speaking of the Province of Manitoba, he says:

"The province of Manitoba comprises within its limits the far-famed grain-growing valleys of the Assiniboine and Red rivers. Although called the Prairie Province of Canada, Manitoba has large areas of forests, numerous rivers and vast water expansions.

"The soil is a rich, deep, mold, or loam, resting on a deep clay subsoil. It is well adapted to wheat-growing, giving a bountiful yield of the finest quality, known the world over as No. 1 hard wheat. During the past ten years the growth of wheat and other grains has steadily increased, until now the production, by 35,000 farmers, reaches over 100,000,000 bushels. Of the 23,000,000 arable acres in Manitoba, probably not one-half of it is occupied. Cultivated grasses yield about two tons per acre and native grasses a ton and a half.

"There can be no question but that dairying will become a great industry throughout the Northwest, and especially cheese-making, as the climate is favorable and similar to that of Ontario.

"Crops grown are wheat, barley, oats, flax, rye, peas, corn for food, brome, potatoes, roots, etc. The soil is very fertile and moisture ample. The climate is good and the growing season, while not quite so long as in Wisconsin, matures crops as the sun shines much longer, rising about 4 o'clock and shines until about 9 at night. One can easily read a newspaper at 10 p. m. The long days make growth fast and push crops to maturity ahead of frost.

"The ranching, the wheat-growing and the mixed farming belts all cross over Assiniboia. The yield and the quality of wheat raised along the main line of the Canadian Pacific railway, at such places as Indian Head and its allied districts, have become famous. Its possibilities are shown by the averages of tests made at the experimental farm in 1902, when eleven varieties of the most suitable wheat, sown on April the 15th, were cut in 120 days and yielded 4,314 pounds of straw and 43 bushels and 2 pounds of grain per acre. Its mixed farming area is excellent, its range cattle, horses and sheep are the equals of any seen in the Northwest, and its treeless portion is underlaid with coal. The town of Medicine Hat is heated and illuminated with natural gas. There are abundant deposits of brick, pottery and fire clays."

Agents of the Canadian Government will be pleased to mail an Atlas to any one interested and also all other information regarding railway rates, etc.



It Cures Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for consumption in first stages. A sure relief for advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by druggists everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and 50 cents.

365 Days



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We are going to the World's Fair and stop at the Co. Hotel, Exchange Hotel because it will be Headquarters for